

# LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL

AND

## THE PRINTING MACHINE.

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### THE LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND  
SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

#### COLOUR.

In this beloved, beautiful, but sometimes foggy, and too often not very brilliant country of ours, we are not fond enough of colours,—not fond enough of a beauty, of which Nature herself is evidently *very fond*, and with which, like all the rest of her beauties, it is the business of civilized man to adorn and improve his own well-being. The summer season is a good time for becoming acquainted with them, for it is then we see them best, and may acquire a relish for them against the insipidity of winter. We remember a dyer in Genoa, who used to hang out his silks upon a high wall opposite his shop, where they shone with such lustre under the blue sky (we particularly remember some yellow ones) that it was a treat to pass that way. You hailed them at a distance, like

another sun  
Risen at noon-day;

or as if Nature herself had been making some draperies out of butter-cups, and had just presented the world with the phenomenon. It is the blue sky and clear air of their native land which have made the Italian painters so famous for colouring; and Rubens and Watteau, like wise men, saw the good of transferring the beauty to the less fortunate climate of Flanders. One of the first things that attracted our notice in Italy was a red cap on the head of a boatman. In England, where nobody else wears such a cap, we should have thought of a butcher; in Italy the sky set it off to such advantage, that it reminded us of a scarlet bud.

The Puritans, who did us a great deal of good, helped to do this harm for us. They degraded material beauty and gladness, as if essentially hostile to what was spiritually estimable; whereas the desirable thing is to shew the compatibility of both, and vindicate the hues of the creation. Thus the finest colours in men's dresses have at last come almost exclusively to livery footmen and soldiers. A soldier's wife, or a market-woman, is the only female that ventures to wear a scarlet cloak; and we have a favourite epithet of vituperation, *gaudy*, which we bestow upon all colours that do not suit our melancholy. It is sheer want of heart and animal spirits. We were not always so. Puritanism, and wars, and debts, and the Dutch succession, and false ideas of utility, have all conspired to take gladness out of our eyesight, as well as jollity out of our pockets. We shall recover a better taste, and we trust exhibit it to better advantage than before; but we must begin by having faith in as many good things as possible, and not think ill of any one of heaven's means of making us cheerful, because in itself it is cheerful. "If a merry meeting is to be wished," says the man in Shakspeare, "may God prohibit it." So, the more obviously cheerful and

desirable anything is, the more we seem to beg the question in its disfavour. Reds, and yellows, and bright blues are "gaudy;" we must have nothing but browns, and blacks, and drab-colour, or stone. Earth is not of this opinion; nor the heavens either. Gardens do not think so; nor the fields, nor the skies, nor the mountains, nor dawn, nor sunset, nor light itself, which is made of colours, and holds them always ready in its crystal quiver, to shoot forth and divide into loveliness. The beautiful attracts the beautiful. Colours find homes of colour. To red go the red rays, and to purple the purple. The rainbow reads its beauteous lecture in the clouds, showing the sweet division of the hues; and the mechanical "philosopher," as he calls himself, smiles with an air of superiority, and thinks he knows all about it, because the division is made.

The little child, like the real philosopher, *knows more*, for his "heart leaps up," and he acknowledges a glad mystery. He feels the immensity of what he does not know; and though the purely mechanical-minded man admits that such immensity exists with regard to himself, he does not feel it as the child or the wiser man does, and therefore he does not truly perceive,—does not thoroughly take it into his consciousness. He talks and acts as if he had come to the extent of his knowledge—and he has so. But beyond the dry line of knowledge lies beauty, and all which is beautiful in hope, and exalting in imagination.

We feel as if there were a moral as well as material beauty in colour,—an inherent gladness,—an intention on the part of nature to share with us a pleasure felt by herself. Colours are the smiles of nature. When they are extremely smiling, and break forth into other beauty besides, they are her laughs; as in the flowers. The "laughing flowers," says the poet; and it is the business of the poet to feel truths beyond the proof of the mechanician. Nature, at all events, humanly speaking, is manifestly very fond of colour, for she has made nothing without it. Her skies are blue; her fields green; her waters vary with her skies; her animals, minerals, vegetables, are all coloured. She paints a great many of them in apparently superfluous hues, as if to show the duller eye how she loves colour. The pride of the peacock, or some stately exhibition of a quality very like pride, is a singular matter of fact, evidently connected with it. Youthful beauty in the human being is partly made up of it. One of the three great arts, with which Providence has adorned and humanized the mind,—Painting, is founded upon the love and imitation of it. And the magnificence of empire can find nothing more precious, either to possess, or be proud of wearing than

Fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,  
Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,  
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,  
And seld-seen costly stones of so great price,  
As one of them, indifferently rated,  
May serve in peril of calamity  
To ransom great kings from captivity.\*

\* These are some of Marlowe's "mighty lines," as Ben Johnson called them. See the new and most welcome edition of 'Lamb's Dramatic Specimens,' just published by Mr Moxon, and containing, in addition, the extracts from the Garrick Paper

### THE READER OF THE PRINTING OFFICE.

To the Editor of the LONDON JOURNAL.

SIR,—Being fully persuaded that it little accords with the design of your excellent JOURNAL to admit into your columns unmerited attacks on individuals, I am induced to notice the illiberal, uncandid, and unjust animadversions of your correspondent, Mr Walter Savage Landor, contained in your last Number, upon the Readers attached to Printing-offices.—Whatever unfavourable idea this gentleman may entertain of the ability of that useful and meritorious class of persons, is in itself of little moment, and forms certainly no ground of complaint: but when currency is given, through the instrumentality of your extensive circulation, to so *ex cathedra* an opinion, and one apt to be imbibed by such of your purchasers as possess no means of ascertaining its incorrectness, the affair altogether assumes a new aspect. Animated purely by *l'esprit du corps*, and, "*parvis componere magna*," a determination to "stand by my order!" I crave the indulgence of a short space for a reply.

The charge, from its vagueness and generality, is one difficult to be grappled with. Mr Landor first complains that, in his "scanty" reading of late, he finds innovations in the spelling which "displease" him. Mr L. then facetiously insinuates that "our authors" have culpably left the orthography of their productions "at the mercy" of *printer's devils*! (not supposing for a moment—good easy man! not he—that authors may themselves possess orthographical crotchets)—and then goes on, in the same vein, to describe the printers as "*hiring the idlest, the most ignorant, and the most presumptuous*" for a duty which requires "accuracy, fidelity, and patience." These epithets are pretty strong, and display an unaccountable violation of candour and good taste. But your correspondent still further dips his pen in the gall of bitterness: "It is well," says he, "when the errors of the press lead only to nonsense; generally they give sense perverted—sense different from the author's!" How disingenuous is this statement yourself and other gentlemen conversant with the genius and routine of a respectable printing office, can sufficiently avouch. Mr Landor also, as a member, by "more than courtesy," of the *genus irritabile*, must know that it is customary, before printing off a single sheet, to submit a proof, and an indefinite number of subsequent revises (where required) of every scrap of MS., to the author. If, after this precaution (taken as well with the equal view of enabling authors to put the finishing touch to their compositions) an error of "sense" should occasionally be met with, it is surely "too bad" to make the reader the entire scapegoat for the faults, whether of omission or commission, attributable to the author alone,—who has perhaps, with some degree of self-sufficiency, and an implicit reliance upon his own resources, distrusted a sensible suggestion, and struck out the query submitted to him—exemplifying the principle of that well known line,

"Sic volo, sic jubeo—stet pro ratione voluntas!"

No printer, I venture to say, with any regard to his reputation for correct typography, would confide the *final* reading or revising of a work for press to an individual who possessed not some literary, classical, and scientific qualifications who



was not "at home" at least in his native tongue—who was not tolerably versed in its peculiarities—its idioms, true genius, and adaptation to that variety of expression in which thought is embodied and the human intellect pourtrayed. It must be admitted, however, that the "commercial principle" is in some instances allowed to prevail in the choice of correctors; and some indifferently qualified and falling far below the foregoing standard, are introduced into the "closet"—notwithstanding which I do repeat, that the qualifications I have just specified, every printer looks for who is commonly regardful of his own interest. In fact, he too often expects absolute literary perfection! I fancy I see the smile of incredulity mantling on the critical cheek of Mr Landor at the bare supposition of engaging "that faultless monster whom the world ne'er saw," and that you yourself, Mr Editor, acquiesce in the same risible inclination. But it is true, nevertheless.

Your correspondent should also be apprized that the prevailing standard of orthography—generally Todd's modernized Johnson—is to be met with in every well-conducted printing-office, to which rigid adherence is exacted; unless, indeed, an author should indicate a wish that his own notions, however at variance with usage and received lexicographical authority, shall be preferred—in which case submission becomes a duty, and the author over-rides the printer.

The strictures of Mr Landor on the modern system of Punctuation are also susceptible of the same explanation. The diversity of opinions upon this head is notorious—some authors regulating their points to suit the ear, others to adapt them to the eye; while others again, as Lord Byron for one candidly admitted, knew nothing at all about the matter. It is only when this not unimportant branch of literary composition is left entirely to the discretion and good taste of the reader, that method and uniformity prevail. As to "hedging" round our words *perhaps*, *indeed*, &c., this is not invariably the case; most readers only repeating this class of adverbial expressions agreeably to a sound grammatical rule, when they occur *absolutely*, and form imperfect phrases.

I will trespass no further upon your attention, Sir, than merely to express the hope, that Mr Landor will perceive the propriety of reconsidering his harsh opinion, and no longer attribute to Printers the suicidal folly of "hiring the idlest, the most ignorant, and the most presumptuous," to fulfil the duties requiring, as Mr L. truly states, "accuracy, fidelity, and patience."

I beg to subscribe myself, Sir,

Your obedient servant, and sincere well-wisher,

July 14, 1835,

JAS. BAERNARD.

\* \* Mr Landor being one of those writers who never use a word for nothing, or without its proper signification (a very rare class), has a right to be more than commonly severe upon careless errors of the press; though nobody, we are sure, will take in better part the counter irritation of a correspondent like the one before us. It is to be observed, however, that Mr Landor intimated the possibility of existing exceptions to his charge, even in stating that he was not aware of them. On the other hand, for the completer settlement of this question, handwritings ought to be taken into account, some of them execrably bad,—the errors, hasty or other, wise, of authors themselves,—their absence from the spot, perhaps at a great distance, and the very doubts and delicacies of a modest and conscientious Reader as to the right of exercising his own judgment, &c. We suspect, generally speaking (though not in Mr Landor's case), that there are faults on all sides, omitting neither authors, nor printers, nor journeymen printers, nor the "devil" himself, nor the very pressmen; for words will get accidentally maltreated in the passage of the types to press, and the very correction may increase the injury, by reason of haste and a late hour, oftener the fault of the writer than any one else.

## ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXXXIV.—THE STORY OF JOHN FEDDES.

(From Miller's Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland.)

In the woods to the east of Cromarty, and occupying the summit of a green insulated eminence, is the ancient burying ground and chapel of St Regulus. Bounding the south there is a deep narrow ravine, through which there runs a small trickling streamlet, whose voice, scarcely heard during the droughts of summer, becomes hoarser and louder towards the close of autumn. The sides of the eminence are covered with wood, which, over-topping the summit, forms a wall of foliage that encloses the burying ground except on the east, where a little opening affords a view of the northern Sutor over the tops of trees which have not climbed high enough to complete the fence. In this burying ground the dead of a few of the more ancient families of the town and parish are still interred; but by far the greater part of it is occupied by nameless tenants, whose descendants are unknown, and whose bones have mouldered undisturbed for centuries. The surface is covered by a short yellow moss, which is gradually encroaching on the low flat stones of the dead, blotting out the unheeded memorials which tell us that the inhabitants of this solitary spot were once men, and that they are now dust,—that they lived, and that they died, and that they shall live again.

Nearly about the middle of the burial-ground there is a low flat stone, over which time is silently drawing the green veil of oblivion. It bears date 1699, and testifies, in a rude inscription, that it covers the remains of Paul Feddes and his son John, with those of their respective wives. Concerning Paul, tradition is silent; of John Feddes his son, an interesting anecdote is still preserved. Sometime early in the eighteenth century, or rather, perhaps, towards the close of the seventeenth, he became enamoured of Jean Gallie, one of the wealthiest and most beautiful young women of her day, in this part of the country. The attachment was not mutual, for Jean's affections were already fixed on a young man, who, both in fortune and elegance of manners was superior, beyond comparison, to the tall, red-haired boatman, whose chief merit lay in a kind, brave heart, a clear head, and a strong arm. John, though by no means a dissipated character, had been accustomed to regard money as merely the price of independence, and he had sacrificed but little to the graces. His love-suit succeeded as might have been expected; the advances he made were treated with contempt, and the day was fixed when his mistress was to be married to a rival. He became sad and melancholy, and late on the evening which preceded the marriage day, he was seen traversing the woods which surrounded the old castle; frequently stopping as he went, and, by wild and singular gestures, giving evidence of an unsettled mind. In the morning after he was nowhere to be found. His disappearance, with the frightful conjectures to which it gave rise, threw a gloom over the spirits of the townfolks, and affected the gaiety of the marriage party; it was remembered, ever amid the festivities of the bridal, that John Feddes had had a kind, warm heart; and it was in no enviable frame that the bride, as her maidens conducted her to her chamber, caught a glimpse of several twinkling lights that were moving beneath the brow of the distant Sutor. She could not ask the cause of an appearance so unusual; her fears too surely suggested that her unfortunate lover had destroyed himself; and that his friends and kinsfolk kept that night a painful vigil in searching after the body. But the search was in vain, though every copse and cavern, and the base of every precipice within several miles of the town was visited; and though during the succeeding winter every wreath of sea-weed which the night storms had rolled upon the beach, was approached with a fearful, yet suppliant feeling, scarcely ever associated with bunches of sea-weed before. Years passed away, and, except by a few friends, the kind enterprising boatman was forgotten.

In the meantime it was discovered, both by herself and the neighbours, that Jean Gallie was unfortunate in her husband. He had, prior to his marriage, when one of the gayest and most dashing young fellows in the village, formed habits of idleness and intemperance which he could not, or would not shake off; and Jean had to learn that a very gallant lover may prove a very indifferent husband, and that a very fine fellow may care for no one but himself. He was selfish and careless in the last degree; and, unfortunately, as his selfishness was of the active kind, he engaged in extensive business, to the details of which he paid no attention, but amused himself with wild vague speculations, which, joined to his habits of intemperance, in the course of a few years stripped him of all the property which had belonged to himself and his wife. In proportion as his means decreased he became more worthless, and more selfishly bent on the gratification of his appetites; and he had squandered almost his last

shilling, when, after a violent fit of intemperance, he was seized by a fever, which, in a few days, terminated in death; and thus, five years after the disappearance of John Feddes, Jean Gallie found herself a poor widow, with scarce any means of subsistence, and without one pleasing thought connected with the memory of her husband.

A few days after the interment, a Cromarty vessel was lying at anchor before sunrise, near the mouth of the Spey. The master, who had been one of Feddes' most intimate friends, was seated near the stern, employed in angling for cod and ling. Between his vessel and the shore, a boat appeared, in the grey light of morning, stretching along the beach under a light and well-trimmed sail. She had passed him nearly half a mile, when the helmsman slackened the sheet, which had been close hauled, and suddenly, changing the tack, bore away right before the wind. In a few minutes the boat dashed along side. All the crew, except the helmsman, had been lying asleep upon the beams, and now started up alarmed by the shock. "How, skipper," said one of them, rubbing his eyes, "how, in the name of wonder, have we gone so far out of our course? What brings us here?" "You come from Cromarty," said the skipper, directing his speech to the master, who, starting at the sound from his seat, flung himself half over the gunwale to catch a glimpse of the speaker. "John Feddes," he exclaimed, "by all that is miraculous!" "You come from Cromarty, do you not?" reiterated the skipper. "Ah, Willie Mouat! Is that you?"

The friends were soon seated in the snug little cabin of the vessel; and John, apparently the least curious of the two, entered, at the other's request, into a detail of the particulars of his life for the five preceding years. "You know, Mouat," he said, "how I felt and what I suffered for the last six months I was at Cromarty. Early in that period I had formed the determination of quitting my country for ever; but I was a weak, foolish fellow, and so I continued to linger, like an unhappy ghost, week after week, and month after month, hoping against hope, until the night which preceded the wedding day of Jean Gallie. Captain Robinson was then on the coast, unloading a cargo of Hollands. I made it my business to see him; and, after some little conversation, for we were old acquaintance, I broached to him my intention of leaving Scotland. It is well, said he; for friendship's sake I will give you a passage to Flushing, and, if it fits your inclination, a berth in the privateer I am now fitting out for cruising along the coast of Spanish America. I find the free trade does not suit me; it has no scope. I considered his proposals, and liked them hugely. There was, indeed, some risk of being knocked on the head in the cruising affair, but that weighed little with me; I really believe that, at the time, I would as lief have run to a blow as avoided one;—so I closed with him, and the night and hour were fixed when he should land his boat for me in the hope of the Sutors. The evening of that night came, and I felt impatient to be gone. You wonder how I could leave so many excellent friends without so much as bidding them farewell. I have since wondered at it myself; but my mind was filled, at the time, with one engrossing object, and I could think of nothing else. Positively, I was mad. I remember passing Jean's house on that evening, and of catching a glimpse of her through the window. She was so engaged in preparing a price of dress, which I suppose was to be worn on the ensuing day, that she did not observe me. I cannot tell you how I felt,—indeed I do not know; for I have scarcely any recollection of what I did or thought until a few hours after, when I found myself aboard of Robinson's lugger, spanking down the frith. It is now five years since, and, in that time, I have both given and received some hard blows, and have been both rich and poor. Little more than a month ago I left Flushing for Banff, where I intend taking up my abode, and where I am now on the eve of purchasing a snug little property." "Nay," said Mouat, "you must come to Cromarty." "To Cromarty, no, no, that will scarcely do." "But hear me, Feddes;—Jean Gallie is a widow." There was a long pause. "Well, poor young thing," said John at length with a sigh, "I should feel sorry for that. I trust she is in easy circumstances." "You shall hear."

The reader has already anticipated Mouat's narrative. During the recital of the first part of it, John, who had thrown himself on the back of his chair, continued reeking backwards and forwards with the best counterfeited indifference in the world. It was evident that Jean Gallie was nothing to him. As the story proceeded, he drew himself up leisurely, and with firmness, until he sat bolt upright, and the motion ceased. Mouat described the selfishness of Jean's husband, and his disgusting intemperance. He spoke of the confusion of his affairs. He hinted at his cruelty to Jean when he had squandered all. John could act no longer, he clenched his fist, and sprung from his seat, "Sit down, man!" said Mouat, "and hear me out;—the fellow is dead." "And the poor widow?" said John. "Is, I believe, nearly destitute. You have heard



of the box of broad pieces left her by her father? she has few of them now."—"Well, if she hasn't, I have; that's all. When do you sail for Cromarty?"—"Tomorrow, my dear fellow, and you go along with me; do you not?"

Almost anyone could supply the concluding part of my narrative. Soon after John had arrived at his native town, Jean Gallie became the wife of one who, in almost every point of character, was the reverse of her first husband; and she lived long and happily with him. Here the novelist would stop; but I write from the burying ground of St Regulus, and the tomb-stone of my ancestor is at my feet. Yet why should it be told that John Feddes experienced the misery of living too long—that, in his ninetieth year, he found himself almost alone in the world; for, of his children, some had wandered into foreign parts, where they either died or forgot their father, and some he saw carried to the grave. One of his daughters remained with him, and out-lived him. She was the widow of a bold enterprising man, who lay buried with his two brothers, one of whom had sailed round the world with Anson, in the depths of the ocean; and her orphan child, who, of a similar character, shared, nearly fifty years after, a similar fate, was the father of the writer.

### INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF MIND.

[Strikingly acute arguments in favour of it, from Lord Brougham's 'Introductory Discourse' to Laley.]

"ALL our experience shews us no one instance of annihilation. Matter is perpetually changing—never destroyed; the form and manner of its existence is endlessly and ceaselessly varying—its existence never terminates. The body decays, and is said to perish; that is, it is resolved into its elements, and becomes the material of new combinations, animate and inanimate; but not a single particle of it is annihilated; nothing of us, or around us, ever ceases to exist. If the mind perishes, or ceases to exist at death, it is the only example of annihilation which we know."

"Our idea of annihilation is wholly derived from matter, and what we are wont to call destruction means only change of form, and resolution into parts, or combination into new forms. But for the example of the changes undergone by matter, we should not even have any notion of destruction or annihilation. When we come to consider the thing itself, we cannot conceive it to be possible; we can well imagine that a parcel of gunpowder, or any other combustible substance, ceases to exist, as such, by burning or exploding; but that its whole element should not continue to exist in a different state and in new combinations, appears inconceivable. We cannot follow the process so far; we can form no conception of any one particle that once is, ceasing wholly to be. How then can we form any conception of the mind, which we now know to exist, ceasing to be? It is an idea altogether above our comprehension. True, we no longer, after the body is dissolved, perceive the mind, because we never knew it by the senses; we only were aware of its existence in others, by its effect upon matter, and had no experience of it unconnected with the body. But it by no means follows that it should not exist, merely because we have ceased to perceive its effects upon any portion of matter. It had connexion with the matter which it used to be acted on; when its entire severance took place, that matter underwent a great change, arising from its being of a composite nature. The same separation cannot have affected the mind in the like manner, because its nature is simple and not composite. Our ceasing to perceive any effects produced by it on any portion of matter, the only means we can have of ascertaining its existence, is therefore no proof that it does not still exist; and even if we admit that it no longer does produce any effect upon any portion of matter, still this will offer no proof that it has ceased to exist. Indeed, when we speak of its being annihilated, we may be said to use a word, to which no precise meaning can be attached, by our imaginations. At any rate, it is much more difficult to suppose that this annihilation has taken place, and to conceive in what way it is effected, than to suppose that the mind continues in some state of separate existence, disencumbered of the body, and to conceive in what manner this separate existence is maintained."

"The changes which the mind undergoes in its activity, its capacity, its mode of operation, are matters of constant observation, indeed of every man's experience. Its essence is the same; its fundamental nature is unalterable, it never loses the distinguishing peculiarities which separate it from matter; never acquires any of the properties of the latter; but it undergoes important changes, both in the progress of time, and by means of exercise and culture. The development of the bodily powers appears to affect it, and so does their decay; but we rather

ought to say, that in ordinary cases, its improvement is contemporaneous with the growth of the body, and its decline generally is contemporaneous with that of the body, after an advanced period of life. For it is an undoubted fact, and almost universally true, that the mind, before extreme old age, becomes more sound, and is capable of greater things during nearly thirty years of diminished bodily powers; that, in most cases it suffers no abatement of strength during ten years more of bodily decline; that in many cases, a few years more of bodily decrepitude produce no effect upon the mind; and that, in some instances, its faculties remain bright to the last, surviving the almost total extinction of the corporeal endowments. It is certain that the strength of the body, its agility, its patience of fatigue, indeed all its qualities, decline from thirty at the latest; and yet the mind is improving rapidly from thirty to fifty; suffers little or no decline before sixty; and therefore is better when the body is enfeebled, at the age of fifty-eight or fifty-nine, than it was in the acme of the corporeal faculties thirty years before. It is equally certain, that while the body is rapidly decaying, between sixty, or sixty-three, and seventy, the mind suffers hardly any loss of strength in the generality of men; that men continue to seventy-five or seventy-six in the possession of all their mental powers, while few can then boast of more than the remains of physical strength; and instances are not wanting of persons, who between eighty and ninety, or even older, when the body can hardly be said to live, possess every faculty of the mind unimpaired. We are authorised to conclude from these facts, that unless some unusual and violent accident interferes, such as a serious illness or a fatal contusion, the ordinary course of life presents the mind and the body running courses widely different, and in great part of the time in opposite directions; and this affords strong proof, both that the mind is independent of the body, and that its destruction in the period of its entire vigour is contrary to the analogy of nature.

"The strongest of all the arguments both for the separate existence of mind, and for its surviving the body, remains, and it is drawn from the strictest induction of facts. The body is constantly undergoing changes in all its parts. Probably no person at the age of twenty has one single particle in any part of his body which he had at ten; and still less does any portion of the body he was born with continue to exist in or with him. All that he before had has now entered into new combinations, forming parts of other men, or of animals, or of vegetable or mineral substances, exactly as the body he now has will afterwards be resolved into new combinations after his death. Yet the mind continues one and the same, 'without change or shadow of turning.' None of its parts can be resolved; for it is one and single, and it remains unchanged by the changes of the body. The argument would be quite as strong, though the change undergone by the body were admitted not to be so complete, and though some small portion of its harder parts were supposed to continue with us through life."

### CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. XXIII.—KING JOHN.—(CONCLUDED).

THE excess of maternal tenderness, rendered desperate by the fickleness of friends and the injustice of fortune, and made stronger in will, in proportion to the want of all other power, was never more finely expressed than in Constance. The dignity of her answer to King Philip, when she refuses to accompany his messenger, "To me and to the state of my great grief, let kings assemble," her indignant reproach to Austria for deserting her cause, her invocation to death, "that love of misery," however fine and spirited, all yield to the beauty of the passage, where, her passion subsiding into tenderness, she addresses the Cardinal in these words:—

"Oh father Cardinal, I have heard you say,  
That we shall see and know our friends in heav'n:  
If that be, I shall see my boy again,  
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,  
To him that did but yesterday expire,  
There was not such a gracious creature born.  
But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud,  
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,  
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,  
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,  
And so he'll die; and rising so again,  
When I shall meet him in the court of heav'n,  
I shall not know him; therefore never, never  
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more."

K. PHILIP. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

CONSTANCE. Grief fills the room up of my absent child:

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts;  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.  
Then have I reason to be fond of grief."

The contrast between the mild resignation of Queen Katherine to her own wrongs, and the wild, uncontrollable affliction of Constance for the wrongs which she sustains as a mother, is no less naturally conceived than it is ably sustained throughout these two wonderful characters.

The accompaniment of the comic character of the Bastard was well chosen to relieve the poignant agony of suffering, and the cold, cowardly policy of behaviour in the principal characters of this play. Its spirit, invention, volubility of tongue, and forwardness in action, are unbounded. *Aliquando sufflammandus erat*, says Ben Jonson of Shakspeare. But we should be sorry if Ben Jonson had been his licenser. We prefer the heedless magnanimity of his wit infinitely to all Jonson's laborious caution. The character of the Bastard's comic humour is the same in essence as that of other comic characters in Shakspeare; they always run on with good things, and are never exhausted; they are always daring and successful. They have words at will; and a flow of wit like a flow of animal spirits. The difference between Falconbridge and the others is, that he is a soldier, and brings his wit to bear upon action, is courageous with his sword as well as tongue, and stimulates his gallantry by his jokes, his enemies feeling the sharpness of his blows and the sting of his sarcasms at the same time. Among his happiest sallies are his descending on the composition of his own person, his invective against "commodity, tickling commodity," and his expression of contempt for the Archduke of Austria, who had killed his father, which begins in jest, but ends in serious earnest. His conduct at the siege of Angiers shows that his resources were not confined to verbal retorts. The same exposure of the policy of courts and camps, of kings, nobles, priests, and cardinals, takes place here as in the other plays we have gone through, and we shall not go into a disgusting repetition.

This, like other plays taken from English history, is written in a remarkably smooth and flowing style, very different from some of the tragedies, 'Macbeth,' for instance. The passages consist of a series of single lines, not running into one another. This peculiarity in the versification, which is most common in the three parts of 'Henry VI,' has been assigned as a reason why those plays were not written by Shakspeare. But the same structure of verse occurs in his other undoubted plays, as in 'Richard II' and in 'King John.' The following are instances:—

"That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,  
Is near to England; look upon the years  
Of Lewis the dauphin, and that lovely maid.  
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,  
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?  
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,  
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?  
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,  
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?  
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,  
Is the young dauphin every way complete:  
If not complete of, say he is not she;  
And she wants nothing, to name want,  
If want it be not, that she is not he.  
He is the half part of a blessed man,  
Left to be finished by such as she;  
And she a fair divided excellence,  
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.  
O, two such silver currents, when they join,  
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:  
And two such shores to two such streams made one,  
Two such controuling bounds, shall you be, kings,  
To these two princes, if you marry them."

Another instance, which is certainly very happy as an example of the simple enumeration of a number of particulars, is Salisbury's remonstrance against the second crowning of the king.

"Therefore to be possessed with double pomp,  
To guard a title that was rich before;  
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
To smooth the ice, to add another hue  
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light  
To seek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garnish;  
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."



## THOUGHTS ON LANGUAGE.

BY ROBERT WEESE.

## No. VIII.

THE real force of the Greek B has been much contested. I venture to think that it was a letter of twofold power, pronounced in some words as B, in others as V or W. Arguments in favour of either are good; and the only mistake the grammarians seem to me to have made is in forgetting that it might be both. The dispute is like that about the silver and gold shield. B $\eta$  is written by Cratinus as the cry of sheep—and sheep do not say Ve or Va, as Vossius urges, but Ba. True; but it does not immediately follow on this that “ $\beta$  valet B Romanum.” On the other hand, the perpetual transition of  $\beta$  into V consonant in Latin derivatives, and of V into  $\beta$  in Greek derivatives, though not sufficient to establish the identity of the two, seems plainly to bespeak a second faculty of the letter, which should not surprise us, when many of our own letters, though B be not one of them, possess this double power. (It may be mentioned as a singular fact, by the way, that in the modern Greek language  $\beta$  is universally pronounced as V; the name of that letter is *Veta*.) If  $\beta$  had no other power than modern B has, how can we account for the fact that Dionysius of Halicarnassus, with the Greek alphabet before him, deliberately wrote *Baggav* for Varro (pronounced Warro), while other Greeks, observe, have represented the same name thus—*Ouaggav*, as if there were not a straw to choose between the two ways? Was a Greek ear so much less nice than an English ear, as to be content (in spite of possessing a good alternative) with this version of a word, which we should laugh down with one voice as a ludicrous absurdity, if it was for a moment proposed? Besides this, we know that the letter  $\beta$  frequently usurped the place of the Digamma. Varro himself writes that the Ionians for H $\eta$  (eer, spring,) said Bag; on which Dawes contentedly observes, “This most learned Roman used this character from amongst the Ionic letters, because it was the nearest approach that could be made to the sound of that aspirate” (the Vau!); and of Dionysius’ version of Varro’s name, he says “Writing in Greek, he had no means of coming nearer to the real power of the letter than by saying BARRON!” (Non habuit scriptor Græcus, quo ad veram potestatem propius accederet, quam BAPPON scribendo. — Miscel. Crit. p. 119.) I leave the reader to say how near this may be, or how far Mr Dawes may be in the right; only, if this was the learned critic’s notion of a state of nearness, it would have been agreeable to learn what his idea of a considerable distance was. No doubt there are affinities to be found among all the consonants, and the interchange, as has been observed, is endless; but for my own part I see no peculiar affection between B and W to distinguish them from the rest, unless there is some secret in bow-wow. However, I am visionary enough to think it not impossible that Dionysius may really have come even nearer than Dawes gives him credit for,—in short, have hit the very mark, by virtue of a double power in the letter  $\beta$ ; or, to speak more accurately, a double office belonging to the written character, as above proposed. If I should further suggest the possibility of this view of the letter being equally applicable to the Latin language, so as that Vossius in fact should appear to be, after all, in the right when he said, “ $\beta$  valet B Romanum,”—only in a sense the reverse of what he intended, I might be thought to speculate too rashly. Nevertheless, granting it true of the Greek, its truth as regards the Latin is not too much to believe. For may not the example which Vossius brings in proof of the value of the Greek B, be construed as well in favour of a second power for the Roman B? Cicero, he says, avers in one of his epistles (*lib. IX. ad Petam*) that the word *βίσι* is identical in sound with the Latin *binī*. This, then, is conclusive as to the agreement of the two letters on occasion, but it cannot prove more than that, and, *ceteris paribus*, it supports one opinion quite as well as the other. But let us consider if

there are not any circumstances which may incline the balance in our favour. This Latin *binī* is confessedly a corrupted word, being an abbreviation of *duoini* (duo-inus—binus, two-fold). We are usually told that this is done *d in b mutato*, which is a very spirited account of the affair, but a little too off-hand; for where, in the meantime, is the o, and what becomes of the u? Is this it—*duoinus, duinus, dinus, binus*? The vowels here are dismissed as decently as possible, but nothing can make the last transition, from d to b, gradual, or even conceivable,—however much it may seem to be supported by examples in the Æolic dialect (all such examples being susceptible too, as I conceive, of a novel explanation.) I would rather say then that this was a case, first, of elision,—the d being dropped, and *duoinus* becoming *uoinus* (in a manner, too, not unknown to the Æolic, which in the same way converts *δινος* into *αινος*,—whence, adding the aspirate, we obtain *heinous*.) This gives us, otherwise expressed, the sound of wo-inus, and this, further contracted, becomes winus, written—binus. By supposing, therefore, that the Latin B inherited from its parent Greek the double character which has been assigned to it, we see here a satisfactory explanation of changes otherwise hardly credible,—those changes being merely orthographical, and not disturbing the natural course of pronunciation. So *duoellum, duellum, uellum* (wellum) *bellum*; *duonus, uonus* (wonus) *bonus*.\*

Whether the ancient Greeks were, or were not, acquainted with the modern sound of B, it is certain that their living descendants—with the partial exception presently to be noticed—are strangers to it. And this circumstance gives occasion to a remarkable practice; for when they derive words, containing that letter, from other languages, they are accustomed to represent it by joining M with P— $\mu\pi$ . Strange as this appears, there can be no question that consistency, if not reason, is on their side. It is known that in ordinary Greek words when  $\mu$  and  $\pi$  occur in juxtaposition, the latter receives a more lax pronunciation, assimilating it to our B,† which may also have been the ancient manner.‡ This then being the only link of analogy that was offered to them, it is not wonderful that the modern Greeks should have seized upon it; and, with respect to the superfluous M, it was manifestly necessary to carry that letter along with the P into its new position—silence at the same time being enjoined to it—since the peculiar remission of the P, which was the result desired, could not otherwise be suggested to the eye of the reader. As in some measure opposed to this view, however, it is right I should mention here an opinion of an intelligent critical writer, grounded on the above fact in modern Greek pronunciation. The sensitive ear of the ancient Greeks, and their extraordinary fastidiousness in the matter of metrical quantity, are sufficiently celebrated. Notwithstanding which, we find them continually giving a short time to syllables burdened with double consonants. To account for this, Mitford, in his ‘*Essay on the Harmony of Language*,’ suggests that such consonants might be double only to the eye. Referring to the above-mentioned  $\mu\pi$  of the modern Greeks, he says,—

“Would any Englishman, to whom this was unknown, ever think of pronouncing those letters like his own b? And how do we know but, by some analogy equally strange to us, and peculiar to their language, the ancient Greeks pronounced  $\gamma\gamma$ ,  $\kappa\kappa$ ,  $\pi\pi$ , &c., at the beginning of words, in a different manner

\* I forget what Saxon scholars have to say of the word *Two*, but it cannot be doubted that it comes, through one channel or another, from *duo*. We mispronounce in giving *two* the same sound as *too*. It ought to be with the *w* full, as in *twire, twine*, &c., its own relations. Thus *duo* becomes *duo*, according to strict analogy, and the conversion of d into t is too familiar to need illustration.

† See nothing in Quintilian’s complaint about B to invalidate the above hypothesis. No doubt the ordinary B was the full-mouthed labial which we use.

‡ “ $\Pi$  post  $\epsilon$  et  $\mu$ , ut B pronunciantur vulgo,— $\mu\pi\mu\pi$  pembo,” &c. (Cantinus. Alphab. p. 93.)

§ May not *Uro* be, per *aphæresin*  $\tau\epsilon\pi$ , from  $\tau\epsilon\pi\omega$  ( $\tau\epsilon\pi\omega$  to burn); and if so, may not *comburo* be quas; *compure*, illustrating the above rule?

from any that we can guess at? How, in short, do we know but they pronounced all combinations of consonants, which have not the property of lengthening the preceding syllable, as one letter?” (p. 57).

This is an ingenious conjecture, and I

“do in part believe it;”

but with respect to most words commencing in the manner spoken of, the almost impossibility of those harsh double consonants having come into such a situation by honest means—by a fair natural course,—impels me to suspect that some vowel has first been made away with. In many cases this is obviously so;—as  $\pi\tau\epsilon\gamma\sigma\alpha$  a wing, from  $\pi\tau\epsilon\gamma\sigma\alpha\iota$  ( $\pi\tau\alpha\mu\alpha\iota$ , volo)  $\gamma\gamma\alpha\theta\iota$ ,  $\gamma\gamma\alpha\upsilon\alpha\iota$  &c. from  $\gamma\gamma\alpha\sigma\kappa\alpha\iota$ , whence *gnosco*, *nosco*; the quick delivery of the first syllable of *gignosco* first occasioning the suppression of the second G; the rapid transition over the vowel I next reducing the word to the likeness of a dissyllable; that letter being then dismissed from the word; the suppression of the I then rendering the remaining G no longer a pronounceable letter; and finally, the muteness of this G occasioning it also to be dropped in writing. From this example it is evident, that as orthography always lags behind pronunciation, the actual presence of a letter under these circumstances does not by any means argue its living power. Many odd things are overlooked in the harum-skarum march of language, and I am afraid it often happens that the dead are left behind. I am therefore more inclined to agree with this author, when he says, “It is also possible, that they might totally drop some of those consonants in pronunciation;” and there is great good sense in what follows:—

“Both cases are common in our own language; and it is surely more reasonable to argue concerning the pronunciation of a dead language upon the principles of a well-known living one, than concerning the pronunciation of such a living language upon the principles of one that no longer exists but upon paper, and most particulars concerning the pronunciation of which must consequently ever remain in absolute obscurity.” (pp. 57, 68.)

Yet this is the error which has been committed a hundred times over, in that abused field of critical litigation—Prosody. If grammarians had always kept in view the common sense of the matter, as laid down here, they would neither have brought ridicule on their subject of inquiry, nor have entailed all but interminable difficulties upon their followers by the accumulation of their errors. So far from taking the evidence of their senses as afforded by living examples, they have for the most part handled the question as if they thought dead languages were like anatomical subjects—the best in the world for developing the processes of the live body; which, whatever may be the case with the human system, is assuredly not true in respect of language; and this for the plain reason that whereas we have “a reverend care of our health” in this life, which forbids our subjecting our warm limbs to the knife of the anatomist, and has a tendency to raise the price of shares in churchyards,—our friends Isaac Vossius, Henninius, and the rest, would have been free to cut and carve from the living stock of languages, had it pleased them to do so, to any amount their experiments had demanded. But the spectacle was one which frightened them. What! when every spoken language in the world, that we know of, hear of, read of, only repeats to us the same tale,—the same oft repeated tale of inconsistencies and contradictions, of precedent outgrown by custom, of rules become exceptions, and exceptions rules,—till all seems as fluctuating and as false as a sick man’s dream; shall we, rejecting the authority of facts thus universally attested, have the hardihood to assert, with no evidence, that the languages of another age obeyed fixed laws, were orderly, were uniform, and that a key to these is all that is required to unfold to us the general practice of their pronunciation? Here then, we see that mistake—the mistake of over-systemising—which infects the writings, otherwise valuable, of so many philologists. A single hint is enough for them, a solitary example sets them up; as for a direct assertion to any purpose, though this be met with only in some fifth-rate author, it is “persuasion strong as holy writ;” for behold!—

our author lived and breathed in the very times he speaks of, and delivers himself thus." And was there such a felicity in authorship in former days, that no man could commit an error wielding the pen? Do not contemporary writers, at this day, often take different views of our own pronunciation, and assert contrary principles, one necessarily being in error? Assuredly; neither do all ears agree as to what they hear, but far from it; whence comes a confused and vague use of such terms as *shortness, closeness, breadth, &c.* applied, with much contradiction, and little definite meaning, to vowels and consonants. Except, then, when an unquestionable critic, such as Vavro or Quintilian, positively affirms a rule as being of general application, which is not often the case, all law-making in the matter of pronunciation is a mere delusion; and such deductions as that one (a fair sample) which Vossius leaps to so triumphantly, that "*β* valet B Romanum," because Cicero says that *β*ivi and *β*ini sounded alike, are simply monsters of presumption—not less ridiculous than if a future writer, reading in some English book that *gh* was pronounced like *f* (e. g. in the word *enough*) were to draw this into a canon of pronunciation, and proceed with much solemn self-applause to mark these other words—*though, plough, bought, tight,—as thouf, plouf, &c.*

## FINE ARTS.

*Eight Illustrations of the Lord's Supper, from the Designs of the late John Flaxman, R.A.; drawn on stone by Richard Lane, A.R.A., and now first published.* London: Charles Knight.

We gave a passing notice of these very graceful designs in our review of the Somerset House Exhibition; but, among the multitude of pictures, we could not bestow time or space enough on them to do full justice to their merits. We now have them made up into a neat little volume.

There is a simplicity, a general expression of meekness and unaffectedness throughout the series, which perfectly harmonizes with the subject; a merit, though obviously only proper, not common with the sculptors of the day, who are too apt to see everything, not through their own feelings, but through a classic-antique, or a *Michael-Angelic* medium. The composition of the different groups, the flow of the outline, and the grace and expression of the attitudes, are of the sweetest order of beauty, natural and tender. The second, third, and fourth of the series are as beautiful as anything Flaxman ever produced.

—The "road to health" is a foot-path.—*Observations, &c.* by E. W.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR best thanks to SOUTH WALES. We must beg indulgence from the author of the M.S. for a short time longer, owing to a pressure of other matters on our attention; but he may rest assured that we shall not forget him.

The same to our kind friend the author of *Table-Talk*, with whom we have taken a liberty, we fear, proportionate to our regard for him; but on that account we trust he will excuse us.

We take occasion, from a letter with which we have been favoured by Mr N. L. T., of Leamington, to state, that in the course of a few weeks we shall devote some of our columns to the subject of the projected improvements at Stratford-upon-Avon, connected with the memory of Shakespeare. Our valued readers in that quarter will then see that we have hitherto delayed it out of no want of zeal.

We shall be happy to comply, in the course of a few weeks, with the wishes of H., respecting Coleridge's masterly poem, the '*Ancient Mariner*.'

Mr S., who sends us his '*Romance of Real Life*,' has our thanks and best wishes; but the circumstances, however they may interest the public through another channel, hardly appear suitable to our own. The M.S. is left for him at the Publisher's.

The lines of S. R. J. do him credit; but we are forced to close our narrowed columns to multitudes of a like merit. Neither, we regret to say, can we undertake to keep manuscripts by us, unless particularly requested to do so, and in instances where they are so large as to account for the author's having taken no copy.

## THE PRINTING MACHINE.

## STEEDMAN'S SOUTHERN AFRICA.

*Wanderings and Adventures in the Interior of Southern Africa.* By Andrew Steedman. Illustrated with Lithographic and Wood Engravings. 2 Vols. 8vo. London. Longman and Co.

THERE is some exceedingly good and amusing matter in these straight-forward and unpretending volumes; and if the materials have not been put together in the best and most effective manner, we are comforted by the proof so afforded that the work has not been got up by one of the trade, but is the sincere production of a plain, honest traveller, who tells us himself what he saw and did, and arranges, in his own way, the things which most interested him. What we most dread in these days is professional book-making.

The excursions in the Interior, to which his pages chiefly refer, were undertaken at different intervals by the author, principally for his amusement and information, during a residence of ten years at the Cape of Good Hope. In the course of these wanderings he procured an extensive collection of wild animals, some of which were new and undescribed; and he kept a journal of incidents and adventures for private reference and the amusement of a few friends. On his return to England, sundry considerations, and recent events that have drawn public attention to that always interesting part of the globe, induced him to prepare his journal for the press.

He says in his preface:—

"The growing importance of the Cape Colony—the increasing intercourse with the vast population inhabiting the regions lying beyond the Colonial boundary,—the expedition that has recently started from Cape Town, [under Dr Smith,] for the purpose of penetrating into Central Africa (the results of which are looked forward to with expectations not unmingled with anxiety from the hostile movement of some of the interior tribes), together with the late unexpected incursions of the Caffers along the Eastern frontier—confirmed the author in his determination of laying before the public the results of his gleanings, augmented from various sources of information, to which he here begs to acknowledge his obligation."

On the last matter here referred to, or the recent incursion of the Caffers, there is a very full account in Mr Steedman's Appendix. It should appear,

from an official despatch announcing the termination of the warfare, that the Hottentot levies remained steady, with the regular troops and burgher militia, and even fought bravely against the barbarous invaders.—This is the more honourable to them, since they had been repeatedly assured that the hostility of the Caffers was not directed against the Hottentots, but solely against the Whites; and, in effect, the crafty invaders did not plunder the Hottentot settlements, but even restored, by command of their Chief, a few heads of cattle that had been taken from them by mistake. In this extensive foray many of the Caffers were mounted on good horses, and armed with muskets. Fire-arms, and the ready use of them (which these savages soon acquire) are great levellers of distinction between men and men; and as, in spite of all that can be done, these arms, and plenty of ammunition, are now finding their way among the native tribes, it behoves the colonists more than ever to be on the alert, whilst Government ought to redouble its exertions in order to prevent those abuses of authority and superiority on the part of the Whites, which have more than once provoked, not to say justified, the hostility of the Blacks.

Mr Steedman makes the following extracts from a paper presented a short time since to the British Government, and which was written by the Rev. W. Shaw, a missionary and a philanthropist, and evidently a man of good, cool judgment.

"The Caffers have not been exclusively, and in every instance, to blame. Our border policy is extremely bad: and by this means we have often undesignedly excited the cupidity, and exasperated the feelings, of a people who, although naturally prone to make inroads upon their neighbours, were, during the last few years, beginning to cherish the opinion that it would be their interest to cultivate peace with the colony. . . . Not only has our Government pursued no efficient measures for the improvement of the Caffer tribes, but the plan adopted for the regulation of the affairs of the frontier has been extremely injudicious. Instead of a regular system, well defined, and steadily acted upon, there has been nothing like a system at all."

We can just conceive it possible that with time, wise measures of government, the laudable exertions of the missionaries, and the civilizing effects of commerce, all the Caffer tribes that border on our settlements,—and even the peo-

ple next beyond them,—may be converted into peaceable neighbours and allies. But the mischief is, that central Africa is a vast and troubled fountain-head, from which wars, and invasions, and conquests are constantly pouring and precipitating one people upon the rear of another. We only see the last break of the torrent upon the coast, but the waves which threaten us have been driven on by other waves behind them, and so on, until we reach the interior of the country, where the first impulse has been given by a race of savages, of whom, in all probability, we have never even heard. Not many years ago, the ferocious Gallas in the neighbourhood of Abyssinia struck a blow that was felt from the mountains of the Moon to the shores of the southern Atlantic ocean and the Red Sea. They attacked and drove before them the tribes nearest to them; and these tribes retreating from their own, and advancing on their neighbours' territories, drove the latter forward to make a necessary war upon others, just as they themselves had been driven forward by the Gallas. It is the old story of the invasion of the Roman empire by the barbarians, and indeed of half of the great invasions that have taken place in the world; and though the late disastrous movements appear to have had no connection with such a chain of events, it will be prudent to bear in mind that the Caffers may in any year be so precipitated on our territories, the defence of which is the more difficult because the colonists, being rather pastoral than agricultural, are thinly scattered with their flocks and herds over a wide extent of country. We have no doubt at present, that the attack would eventually be repelled, but it is a heart-rending thing to see the loss of human life, the destruction of property,—of the hopes of whole families, the up-tearing by the roots of the young but promising plants of civilization, and the other miseries and horrors that have been inflicted by the recent sort, and only partial irruption. Churches, schools, and whole villages have been burned to the ground, and pleasant and cultivated places reduced to deserts, from which condition they had only lately been raised by European art and industry. But for these particulars, which ought to suggest many useful considerations to the settlers and the colonial government, we must refer to the volumes before us.



Mr Steedman is passionately fond of natural history, and his work abounds with anecdotes of animals, with descriptions of elephant hunts and lion hunts, adventures with rhinoceroses, and such like pleasant and exciting matters. In some well regulated families and establishments among us, the father or master is called "the governor." The Hottentots apply this honourable title to the lion.

"Mr Archbell, of Plattberg, relates the following amusing anecdote of an adventure between a Hottentot and a lion:—The grass about us was exceedingly tall, and the country abounded in spring-boks: one of our Hottentots thought he perceived one amidst the grass, and crept close up to it in order to make sure of his shot, when on rising to discharge his piece, he found himself close upon a large male lion, which instantly set up a loud roar. The man fled, and being near the waggons, was not pursued by the lion. The manner in which he related the story was exceedingly amusing, and characteristic of the Hottentot. 'I saw,' said he, 'a spring-bok, which I made sure of having in the pot to-night; but when I got close to it I found it was the Governor. I was just going to fire, when he asked me in a loud tone, "What are you going to do?" "Oh," said I, "I beg your pardon, I did not know it was your honour, or I should not have presumed to have drawn so near you; I hope your honour will not consider it an insult, and I shall instantly retire." So I scampered away a great deal quicker than I went to him.'

We learn from Sir Stamford Raffles, whose interesting memoirs we have just been reading, that the natives of the island of Sumatra always talk in this respectful manner to the tigers they chance to meet, giving them the most honourable names and titles, as they think they thereby disarm the animals' rage. Mr Steedman tells an amusing story of a gentleman who escaped from a Gnu, by tumbling into an ant-eater's hole; but before we quote the anecdote, we had better give his description of the Aard-vark, or Ant-eater. Our readers may see one or two Gnus in the Zoological Gardens.

"Wherever ant-hills abound, the Aard-vark is sure to be found at no great distance. This animal constructs a deep burrow in the immediate vicinity of its food, and changes its residence only after it has exhausted its resources. The facility with which it burrows beneath the surface of the earth is scarcely conceivable. Its feet and claws are admirably adapted to this purpose; to dig it out is almost impracticable, as in a few minutes it can bury itself far beyond the reach of its pursuers; even when found, its strength is so great as to require the united efforts of two or three men to drag it from its hole. When fairly caught, however, it is by no means retentive of life, but is easily dispatched by a slight blow over the snout. The Aard-vark is an extremely timid, harmless animal, seldom removes to any great distance from its burrow, being slow of foot, a bad runner, and is never by any chance found abroad during the day time. On the approach of night it sallies forth in search of food, and repairing to the nearest inhabited ant-hill, scratches a hole in the side of it just sufficient to admit its taper snout. Here, having previously ascertained that there is no danger of interruption, it lies down, and inserting its long slender tongue into the breach, entraps the ants, which, like those of our own country, upon the first alarm, fly to defend their dwellings, and mounting upon the tongue of the Aard-vark, adhere to a glutinous saliva with which it is covered, and are thus swallowed in vast numbers. If uninterrupted, the Aard-vark continues this process until it has satisfied its appetite; but on the slightest alarm it makes a precipitate retreat, and seeks security at the bottom of its subterranean dwelling. Hence it is that these animals are seldom seen, even in those parts of the country where they most abound. Like other nocturnal animals, passing the greater part of their lives in sleeping and eating, they become exceedingly fat, and their flesh is considered wholesome and palatable food."

"A gentleman and his friend were hunting gbus on the plains, and one having been wounded by a musket-ball, gave chase to an individual of the party, and was gaining fast upon him, when all at once he disappeared, by tumbling into an ant-eater's hole, which was concealed by long grass. There he lay for some time, secure from the enraged animal, which, after searching for him in vain, scampered off in another direction: nor could his friend, who was galloping up to his assistance, conceive what had become of him, until he saw, to his great satisfaction and amusement, his head cautiously emerging from the bowels of the earth."

As a concluding extract we will give an elephant hunt, with a little of Mr Steedman's agreeable talk about elephants in general.

"Having myself a strong inclination to witness an elephant hunt, I determined on accompanying Thack-

way in his pursuit, during which it was our intention to have visited a spot called *The Cave*, his usual resort upon these occasions; but on our way towards it we came upon the track of elephants, evidently quite fresh, from which my companion felt assured that the animals could not be far distant. Making our way through the entangled forest, we arrived at an eminence, when Thackway suddenly exclaimed, 'There they are!'—having descried the objects of his search at some distance, though my inexperienced eye was unable to distinguish them amidst the surrounding bush. Descending a dark ravine, through which it was necessary to pass in order that we might approach the elephants unobserved, we were compelled to dismount and lead our horses over the roots and branches of trees that had been torn up and scattered by the animals in their progress. When Thackway and his assistant had loaded their rifles, we took a circuitous direction, and arrived at a thicket, where we secured our horses under the screen of its umbrageous foliage, and having duly reconnoitred the herd, crept on to the encounter. The rays of the setting sun were gilding the mountain-tops, leaving the valley in deep shade, when we penetrated into its gloomy recesses. The quiet which reigned throughout this solitude was occasionally broken by the crash of fallen branches torn from their parent trunks by the elephants, which stood browsing in indolent security: then all was again hushed, as we moved cautiously forward to take a deliberate survey of the herd, which we discovered to be very numerous. It was requisite carefully to mark the direction of the breeze, so as to keep the elephants to windward, since our nearer approach might otherwise have been betrayed by the remarkable acuteness of their scent. Whilst endeavouring to get within shot, Thackway observed an elephant coming towards him, and when it had approached within thirty or forty yards of the spot where he was stationed, he fired, and his shot being quickly followed by that of his attendant, all was confusion in an instant. The report of the guns and the screams of the wounded animal had disturbed the whole herd, which rushed down the valley with tremendous violence, bending and crushing in their descent whatever opposed their progress. We followed the track of the wounded elephant, which had bled profusely; and found, on reaching the place where it fell, that it had already expired, one ball having penetrated behind its shoulder, and the other through the proboscis into its chest.

"It is only within the last thirty or forty years that the elephants of India and Africa have been compared with one another, and found to be as different in species as the sheep is from the goat, or the horse from the ass. The size and habits of the elephants in both countries are nearly the same, but they differ by many external marks which are easily to be distinguished. The ears of the African elephant are much larger, for instance, than those of the Indian: in the latter they are of a moderate size, in the former they are quite enormous, and cover the whole shoulder of the animal. The tusks are also larger, particularly in the females. The white ridges of enamel which mark the crowns of the molar teeth are lozenge-shaped in the one, and run in irregular wavy parallel lines across the surface of the tooth in the other; and, finally, the Asiatic elephant has five hoofs on the fore-feet, and four on the hind, whilst the African has only four on the fore-feet, and three on the hind. In fact, from our intimate relation with India, we see the Asiatic species brought home almost daily; but since the time of the Ptolemies no nation has had sufficient enterprise to domesticate the African elephant, or apply it to the purposes of war; though the Egyptians of that period, and, before their time, the Carthaginians and Numidians, used them for this purpose, precisely as the Asiatic species is at this day used in the East. It even appears probable that they bred in a domestic state among these people, a fact which has never been witnessed in modern times. According to the testimony of Pliny and other ancient writers, they were formerly abundant in the forests of Barbary and Mauritania: at present, however, they are only found to the south of the Great Desert; but the enormous quantities of ivory which are annually brought to Europe from the interior of Africa, announce the countless multitude of them which must exist in these remote and unexplored countries. Formerly they were numerous within the boundaries of the colony, but they have been so much hunted of late years, that they have retired beyond the frontiers, and are now only found in the neighbourhood of the Great Fish River."

Mr Steedman, by his own journeys, does not materially contribute to our geographical knowledge of Southern Africa; but he has put together, from sources not generally known in this country, a very interesting account of the progress of discovery, as prosecuted from the Cape during the last few years.

A favourite expression (when speaking of a man of integrity and common-sense educated talent) of the Prince Metternich—the servant and prime minister of the double-necked Austrian eagle, "*Chi, per più mangiar due becché porta,*" was, that he was not an eagle.

Our friend Steedman is certainly not an eagle, but he is a good, and honest, and useful domestic bird, and a thousand times better than the would-be-eagles (in the shape of travellers) that so frequently flit across our path. Now and then, to be sure, he forgets his native modesty, and takes an ambitious flight. We would heartily recommend him to call the sun, "sun," and not "the great luminary of day," or, if he must be poetical, let him call it "Sol" or "Phœbus," for shortness.

The lithographic views and the wood-cuts add greatly to the value of these volumes. The natural history subjects are well represented, and several members of the interesting family of the Antelopes are new to us. The author's goodness of heart, would be, in itself, enough to make us recommend his work.

#### DUNHAM'S HISTORY OF GERMANY.

*A History of the Germanic Empire:* By S. A. Dunham, Esq., I.L.D., &c. Vol. 3rd (Vol. 67th of Dr Lardner's 'Cabinet Encyclopedia'). 12mo, Pp. 350. London: 1835. 6s.

THE present volume brings down the history of Germany from the election of the Emperor Charles V. in 1519, to the accession of the late Emperor Francis II. in 1792, and concludes the work; the notoriety of the events that sprung out of the French Revolution rendering it, in the writer's opinion, unnecessary to continue his review beyond the latter date. The volume, therefore, comprehends the whole rise and progress of the Reformation,—and, indeed, that great subject occupies considerably more than the half of it. The Reformation was to the sixteenth century, in many respects, what the French Revolution was to the eighteenth; and the history of Europe is principally that of Germany in the one case, as it is that of France in the other. A comparison of these two great convulsions in their origin, progress, and consequences, would form a noble subject for a pen capable of doing it justice.

This concluding portion of Dr Dunham's work displays the same ability, and the same elaborate and learned research, which marked the two preceding volumes. It is also distinguished by the same impartiality,—at least in the strict and literal sense of that term, as signifying freedom from party or sectarian prejudice, and independence in the formation and expression of opinion. We will not say, however, that the author has not his personal prejudices upon some points—and there are no doubt many readers who will think that these are occasionally both sufficiently strong and not a little perverse. Upon the subject of the Reformation, for instance, in so far as men in general are still divided into two great mobs, with one of which all that was done by the authors of that mighty movement, and all that has since followed from their efforts, is nothing but unmixt mischief and abomination, while, by the other, it is considered almost as a point of religious duty to see nothing either wrong or dubious in any part of their character or their conduct,—in so far, we say, as people are thus wholly and irreconcilably opposed to each other in temper, and what they call principles, the present history has little chance of giving satisfaction, or even of being deemed other than a misrepresentation by both sides. Still, however, whether he may be right or wrong in certain of his judgments, the author is unquestionably entitled to the praise of being no mere partizan, and of preserving throughout his work the courage to think for himself. The character of his account of the Reformation may be distinctly and in short space set before the reader, by the transcription of a few of the titles prefixed to its successive paragraphs. Thus we have, 'Shameless traffic in regard to indulgences; Luther chargeable with deception in this letter (to the Pope in 1510), as on many other occasions; His commentary on St Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, written in a violent and indecent tone; Violence of the Reformer's writings; His duplicity; Dangerous tendency of some of his propositions; He assails doctrines no less than discipline, sometimes with much justice; Fanaticism of Luther; Mischievous



effects of his translation of the Scriptures into German, in so far as it induced the most illiterate to rave about the sense of inspiration; His appeals to the worst passions of the princes and people; Scandalous marriage of the Reformer with the Nun, Catherine Boren; Death and character of Martin Luther; His violence, fanaticism, egotism, malignity; Evils of the Reformation; Intolerance of the first Reformers; Fanaticism and in some cases rebellion, the undoubted offspring of this moral revolution; But the Reformation had its good, which must be admitted to have more than counterbalanced the evil; Statement of the benefits it has produced: 1. Religion as a feeling improved; 2. The conduct of men improved; 3. Civil Liberty improved; 4. Individual Exertion stimulated; 5. Increase of knowledge; 6. Salutary change in the Political constitution of Germany."

It is to be remembered, however, that many of the statements thus presented, have a more alarming air than belongs to them in the more expanded form which they assume in the text. Some of the most startling of them, which appear here as universal propositions, are there found to be asserted only to a limited extent, or in regard to particular facts. For our own parts, we confess that we think Dr Dunham has upon the whole borne hard upon Luther and his associates, and has both given an exaggerated prominence to what was faulty in their proceedings, and failed in discerning, or at least in doing justice to much of what was rarest and highest in their excellencies. He has judged of them, in the extraordinary circumstances in which they had to act their part, too much by ordinary rules—and, sitting in the light and freedom which they have been mainly instrumental in achieving, he has not sufficiently transferred himself in spirit to the dark and troubled times in which they had to work out for themselves, but still more for their posterity, that glorious deliverance. It is to demand that men should demean themselves in a battle as they should in a drawing-room. No doubt there was in their proceedings much of violence, much of arrogance, much of intolerance, much of positive injustice; but these things are the necessary concomitants of all enthusiasm such as theirs, and of the great efforts to which it prompts. You cannot have the one without the other, any more than you can in the material world have the fire and the blaze for the best or most necessary purposes, without the danger and the occasional devastation. Our humanity proclaims in this the same essential character which it shows in all its other manifestations—that inextinguishable mixture of the good with the evil, which would almost force us to the conclusion that the one is the offspring of, or at least is upheld by, and cannot be without, the other. Here, as in other cases, our weakness comes from our strength, and our strength from our weakness. The Reformers would not have achieved the good they did, if they had not also given way to the evil which they are chargeable with having introduced along with it. We believe that the former is more extensive and enduring, and the latter of a more local and temporary character, than the present writer is willing to admit. At all events, though truth and justice are the highest of all things, gratitude and veneration are also sentiments of a noble and an ennobling character; and, so long as there can be any doubt, we are well pleased to see mankind take the generous side of seeing rather no faults at all than too many in their benefactors."

The conclusion, however, to which Dr Dunham finally comes is not, after all, very different in its spirit from the feelings we have just expressed, as will appear from the following passage, which is a portion of his general character of the Reformation:—

"But if the reformation has thus produced its evils, it has also given birth to good which counterbalances them. Of this, the most obvious point regards the state of religion itself, alike as a feeling and a principle. Let the Roman catholics argue as they please about the unity and universality of their religion, the records of the middle ages prove that, in the majority of men, it was a lifeless tissue of

ceremonies, which, from their frequency, could not even strike the imagination; which made assuredly little impression on the heart,—none whatever on the understanding. 'Assurement,' says a candid Jesuit, 'quant à la pratique, la religion a beaucoup gagné à la réforme, par le soin des protestants à détourner les esprits de l'extérieur pour les diriger vers le sentiment.' It is, indeed, true that, since the time of Luther, religion has been an object of the understanding rather than of the eye; of the heart rather than of the memory. The repetition of a prescribed number of prayers, almsgiving, a journey to some shrine, the veneration of some relic, might, in former times, satisfy for sin; but from the sixteenth century downwards it has been admitted, that, without true compunction, without reformation of life, such things are ineffectual and even puerile. In this respect the Roman catholics have gained as much as the protestants: they have learned spirituality; they have forsaken their cold, unmeaning, and useless observances, for a principle—that of divine love—which pervades the heart; for knowledge which informs the understanding. In the second place, there has been no less improvement in the conduct than in the feelings and reasonings of men. The descriptions which, in various passages of the present work, we have given of society prior to the appearance of Luther; the corruption of the morals both in the clergy and the laity; the worldly spirit of the ecclesiastics, from the pope down to the humblest parish priest; the profligacy of all ranks and conditions of men; and their ignorance as to what constituted the character of Christianity, are proofs of this. The tenets of the reformation produced vices enough; but they were vices less odious than those which previously disgraced society. As religion was in danger of being smothered under an accumulated heap of human observances and opinions, so were morals of perishing through the boundless licentiousness of the period. In this respect, too, the present Roman catholic has need to bless the memory of Luther and his colleagues in the reformation. Cast our eyes wherever we may, we find an amazing improvement in the general state of morals: the aggregate of all the crimes now committed in Europe, would not equal those of a single kingdom during the period which elapsed from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. Not that in this period, dark as it is, there were not saints and scholars such as the world has not seen since, and probably will never see again; but both sanctity and knowledge were chiefly confined to the cloister, and were unknown to the world at large.—In the third place, the reformation has been exceedingly favourable to civil liberty. The same principle of curiosity which taught men to examine the grounds of their faith, urged them, in an equal degree, to weigh the nature and design of civil government. It was soon discovered that despotism was founded on ignorance; that it had no divine right to support it; that, on the contrary, it was repugnant alike to reason and the word of God. If that word inculcated obedience to the higher powers, it also taught that the poorest and lowest subjects had rights inalienable and sacred; that in the eye of heaven the highest and lowest are equal, all Christians brethren, coheirs of another and a better kingdom, equally on earth the objects of the divine solicitude. It would be a libel on the ancient faith to insinuate that these truths were unknown before the sixteenth century; the republics of Italy, the communities of Spain, and the civil codes of Germany, are proofs to the contrary; but it would be equally erroneous to suppose that they were generally recognized, or at least that they had much influence in practice, before the minds of men were rendered inquisitive by the change in religion.—In the fourth place, and as a necessary consequence of this augmented knowledge alike of religious and political rights, was the increased stimulus given to individual exertion. Despotism, whether civil or ecclesiastical, is a sad enemy to social enterprise, to individual activity. When man perceives that he has rights which cannot be invaded with impunity, that the profits of his industry are secured to him by recognised law and custom, he will require no spur to labour; and in proportion as he enriches himself, so will the state be benefited. Hence the general improvement in the social condition of nations; the spread of civilization; the increased comforts of the people; the elevation of the lowest to some degree of estimation in the social scale.—Fifthly, the same moral revolution has led to an amazing increase of knowledge. If, prior to its operation, learning the most extensive sometimes distinguished intellects the most acute, the instances were rare, and they could not redeem the age from the charge of ignorance. To understand the scriptures, which catholics and protestants admitted to be the common fountain of faith, the early reformers assiduously studied the original tongues, the Hebrew and Greek; and the attainment served as a key to other departments of knowledge,—to history, laws, geography, and antiquities, no less than to theology. Prior to the sixteenth century, these languages were almost entirely neglected: will it be readily believed that they were condemned, not only by ignorant monks and friars, by half-literate parochial clergy, and by illiterate dignitaries of chapters, but by doctors of the church, by universities? Yet

that such was the fact, is too evident from the epistles of Erasmus, and from the controversial works of divines. The doctors of Louvain, and even of Paris, stigmatised the study of the Scriptures in the original tongues,—in any other than the Vulgate,—as the inevitable path to heresy. But this pitiful hostility soon gave way; the catholics, no less than the protestants, applied with success to the study of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures; manuscripts were discovered, and carefully collated, and the divine text was restored to something like purity. Yet we must not forget that the reformers were, for a time, hostile to learning; even Melancthon, the brightest luminary (Erasmus excepted) of the times, fell into the melancholy opinion that all books but the Bible were worse than useless. The truth is, that though the moral revolution has led to a more cultivated state of intellect, it has been undesignedly; though this improved state is in some degree a consequence, in a far greater it has been produced in spite, of that revolution.—Sixthly, and this is the last consideration we shall notice; for we have no wish to indicate minor or mixed causes—the political constitution of Germany was defined by circumstances arising from this great revolution. The states, both catholic and protestant, roused to enquiry by the propagation of the new opinions, and eager to know on what grounds they might resist the imperial authority, on what they might pursue a policy apart from that of the confederation, began to study the principles of all federative unions, and to weigh with peculiar care the public law of the empire. It is certain, that from the reign of Charles, the rights of states, and the boundaries of the imperial authority, have been better ascertained than at any former period."

"From these and other considerations interspersed throughout this compendium, it is evident that, on the whole, the reformation has been an incalculable good to Europe. It has purified religion and morals; it has guaranteed civil liberty; it has improved the intellect. Of its principal instrument, however, we have been compelled to speak in terms of severity. It is, indeed, difficult to determine whether that extraordinary man effected more good than evil. Had he never appeared, the reformation would still have been effected; for the clergy were too corrupt to be suffered to remain as they were; and some minds, which, like that of Erasmus, never diverged from the centre of unity, were already assailing the abuses of the times: nay, even bishops and cardinals declared that such a state of things could not, and should not, continue. Never were remonstrances addressed to the holy see, so dignified in tone, or firm in manner, as those of Constance and Basle,—the opinion, let us remark, not of a few individuals, but of the whole Christian world. The Christian philosopher may lament that Luther held opinions so inconsistent with the Gospel, and with the social duties of man; he may wish that greater moderation and greater judgment, combined with equal zeal and less passion, had been concentrated in that memorable individual. But let us, while estimating the motives and character of the reformer at their real value, be grateful for the good of which he has been so immediate a cause."

#### CURE OF STAMMERING.

*Stammering Considered, with reference to its Cure, by the application of those laws which regulate utterance: in a Letter addressed to George Birkbeck, M.D. By Richard Cull. Pp. 50, 8vo. London: Renshaw, 1835.*

In this pamphlet Mr Cull, who seems to have given considerable attention to his subject, both theoretically and practically, recounts, as far as they are known, the various methods by which it has heretofore been attempted to cure the imperfection called Stuttering or Stammering, and then describes his own mode of treatment. He appears, as we have said, to have studied his subject carefully, and his observations and suggestions in reference to it are, in so far as they can be understood, sensible and judicious. We have no doubt that his superintendence and instructions in a case of stammering, would be found exceedingly useful. But, unfortunately, nature has not intended him for communicating his thoughts by writing—at least by writing in English. His style, indeed, is so very curious—so unlike that which any person, however imperfectly educated, would naturally adopt—that we are tempted to believe its perverse absurdity must be not without a purpose. It may, properly enough, be called the stammering style, and it is perhaps designed as a sort of exemplification of the thing which the tract describes. We are certain at any rate, that no better imitation of the vocal defect could be given upon paper.

\* Founded on the histories of the period, and on Schenck, *Histoire, ubi supra*.



Although stammering has long been treated, and occasionally successfully treated, by quack practitioners,—persons who kept their methods a secret, and in all probability proceeded as little upon any scientific, as upon any moral principle in their operations—it is only a few years since even the cause of the peculiarity in utterance which goes by this name, has been discovered. The honour of the discovery belongs to Dr Arnott, who first announced it in his 'Elements of Physics,' published in 1827. This Mr Cull distinctly acknowledges. "Dr Arnott," he observes, "has the merit of bringing the treatment of this class of impediments within the pale of principle." And speaking of the Doctor's method of cure, he adds,—

"The remedy is not empirical, as it was proposed for that especial purpose. It is scientific. It is not an evasion of the difficulty, for it boldly meets it, and overcomes it on principle. This remedy, simple as it appears in the estimation of many, is the result of an accurate induction. Through the Doctor's kindness, I witnessed his application of the principle in July 1832, on a youth whose voice was interrupted on every few words. By explaining to him the object of the remedy, he was immediately able to read a page without interruption. He did not continue the application of the remedy; therefore his voice of course continued to falter; but I have seen the remedy completely and permanently successful."

The Doctor himself, in the last (the Fourth) edition of his work, published in 1829, observes:—"It is remarkable, with respect to this defect, that when the present work was first published, scientific, or regular medicine had taught as yet no cure for it," although the frequent success of non-professional, and often ignorant individuals (by a mode of treatment which they solemnly bound their patients not to divulge) proved the cure to be both possible and not difficult. The author's attention had been drawn to the subject some years before, by an interesting case submitted to him, of stuttering connected with other disease; and it was in analyzing the subject, with a view to the treatment of that case, that he framed the analysis of articulation contained in the preceding pages, and drew up the additional observations which are now to follow. A cure was obtained; but as the case possessed a favourable peculiarity in the powerful mind of the individual, to which the author attributed great importance, and as he had little leisure from his ordinary professional duties, to pursue the subject, or to ascertain in what respects his plan might differ from that employed by the most successful of the practitioners who concealed their proceedings, he gave his remarks in former editions of this work, merely as continued elucidation of the subject of speech. He is now, however, enabled to state that his analysis has completely detected the nature of the morbid affection, and that it directs simple and effectual means of relief. He declined meddling with many cases offered to him after the original publication of his work, from the impression that the cure in the instance mentioned above, was owing, at least, as much to the ingenuity and perseverance of the patient, as to his suggestions, and, therefore, that his professional superintendence of the discipline required for such cases would demand care and attention which he could not spare; but subsequent experience in some cases, which at the instance of private friendship he has watched, has proved to him that the business is altogether very simple and easy, and may, in its detail, be managed by any intelligent instructor of youth who chooses to devote attention to it. Indeed, he hopes that in slight cases, grown individuals accustomed to reflection, will be able to relieve themselves by the study of the present section; and that in none will the counsel of a person familiar with the anatomy and actions of the organs, be found to fail."

We may also give the explanation of the nature of the defect, and of its cure, in the Doctor's own words—"The most common case of stuttering," he states, "is not, as has been almost universally believed, where the individual has a difficulty in respect to some particular letter or articulation, by the disobedience of the part of the mouth which should form it to the will or power of association, but where the spasmodic interruption occurs altogether behind or beyond the mouth, viz. in the glottis, so as to affect all the articulations equally.

To a person ignorant of anatomy, and therefore knowing not what or where the glottis is, it may be sufficient explanation to say, that it is the slit or narrow opening at the top of the wind-pipe, by which the air passes to and from the lungs, being situated just behind the root of the tongue. \* \* \* Now, the glottis during common speech need never be closed, and a stutterer is instantly cured, if by having his attention properly directed to it, he can keep it open. \* \* \* Now, a stutterer, understanding of anatomy only what is stated above, will comprehend what he is to aim at, by being farther told, that when any sound is continuing, as when he is humming a single note or a tune, the glottis is necessarily open, and therefore, that when he chooses to begin pronouncing or droning any simple sound, as the *e* of the English word *berry* (to do which at once no stutterer has difficulty), he thereby opens the glottis, and renders the pronunciation of any other sound easy. If then, in speaking or reading, he joins his words together, nearly as a person joins them in singing (and this may be done without its being at all noted as a peculiarity of speech, for many persons do it in their ordinary conversation), the voice never stops, the glottis never closes, and there is of course no stutter. The author has given this lesson, with an example, to a person who before would have required half an hour to read a page, but who afterwards read it almost as smoothly as it was possible for any one to do; and who then on transferring the lesson to the speech, by continued practice and attention, obtained the same facility with respect to it. \* \* \* Were it possible to divide the nerves of the muscles which close the glottis, without, at the same time, destroying the faculty of producing voice, such an operation would be the most immediate and certain cure of stuttering; and the loss of the faculty of closing the glottis would be of no moment."

The philosophy of Mr Cull's pamphlet, though rather dark, contains, we do not doubt, some things not without their value. But, for ordinary readers, the cases with which it is interspersed will be the most interesting portion of the discourse. We shall, therefore, confine our quotations to the following passage:—

"A gentleman, twenty-one years of age, nervous temperament, good education, whose occupation required much speaking, and whose pursuits brought him into much good society, used to stammer more than at present; has been under treatment, and relieved from invariably stopping at certain sounds; now there is more fluency of utterance; sometimes a word is spoken with facility, at others it is unutterable: thinks he is getting worse than ever."

"The vowel sounds, which formerly were under control, frequently produce hesitation; a continual dread is felt; the division of the current of the voice is uncertain: thus, in place of proceeding with the required succession of elements, he involuntarily reiterates: for example, while informing me of the particulars of his case, he said—'S—ometimes I am el el el el clear of the im im im impediment.' Again, the stream of voice was not controllable in forming any specific vowel element; thus, in place of uttering *E*, as in me, he would perhaps assume the mechanism *A* as in all, or *OO* as in too."

"The fluctuations he attempted to connect with the state of the stomach—with the weather—with certain emotions; but from its not uniformly following any of these circumstances, hopeless of discovering the cause he gave up further observation."

"I found his voice thin and meagre: unvoiced breath issuing with it, producing a siffing; respiration irregular; the expiration jerked out; no rhythm; no more certainty in producing any specific note of the gamut than of dividing the current of voice at any part of its passage through the vocal tube."

"Exercises, to increase the volume and quality of the voice, were adopted. The breath was taken in equal intervals of time, producing long inspirations, which were gradually expired by uniform chest pressure. The glottis was brought to bear upon the ascending current of breath, vocalizing its whole volume. Rhythmical exercises were then adopted."

"Much was now effected: the voice was of easy formation; of facile continuance; augmented in volume; stresses were given, cadences formed, and equally measured off by the pulsation of the primary organ."

"Although all this was effected, yet considerable efforts were made in directing the will, which, by a steady continuance of our gymnastics, were becoming less conscious, until, by persevering industry, with one slight effort only at first producing voice, the train of volitions appeared for the exercise of the newly-acquired power."

"The enunciative organs, as has been already stated,

were not under control while the voice was flowing. They became more so after the acquisition of vocal power. In attempting to cut the column of voice at the posterior part of the mouth, to form *G* or *K*, a *D* or *T* would be made, and the reverse of this frequently took place. Sometimes, in place of raising the tongue's tip, to mould *R*, the lips would close and press together. The following words illustrate the uncertainty of enunciation:—

Accession	was made	Asheshon
Accident	.....	Assedon
Aggravate	.....	Allafate

"There was no power to open or close the mouth gradually while voice was issuing, until it had first been rapidly shut; so that a *P* formed by appulsion was frequently thrust where it was not required nor intended, which increased the obscurity of the speech."

"If voice were not formed, if mere unvoiced breath were issuing, the enunciative organs could voluntarily cut it into elements, producing whispering. The will had power over the enunciative organs, when specially directed to them, if no other action requiring an effort were produced. But when voluntary actions were simultaneously required from both sets of organs, vocal and enunciative, the volition could not enforce its mandates on both: either one or the other faltered, and stoppage of speech ensued."

"There are many consensaneous and successive actions of the various parts subservient to the voice and speech necessary before a word can be uttered—actions to be produced at intervals, and to be so nicely adjusted as to come into play just as another action has arrived at a certain step of its progress. The combination of actions necessary to bring the several parts in a certain state, and in a certain collocation, to effect, by their mechanism, the vocalization of the breath, with its qualities and accidents in their several functions, as signals of the emotions and the superaddition of speech—as the signs of thought is produced by a series of volitions, each of which are requisite to effect an individual voluntary muscular action, each succession of volitions being different for every element of speech, and each again differing according to the quality and accidents of the voice accompanying the element in almost endless permutation; the number and variety being great to call into vocal existence the printed symbols of a chapter or paragraph."

"Praxes were now adopted to obtain the voice of theatrical declamation, and the elements of speech, by appulsion and division, seriatim; then in combination with the elements of vocal expression, until the organs of speech were made obedient to the will. By the combination of words and their corresponding tones in passages selected from Milton and Shakspeare, power of fluent utterance was acquired. The rebel organs of voice and speech acknowledged the supremacy of the will; no hesitation—no drawing—no peculiarity appeared. An accurate enunciation and full-volumed voice was conferred."

"He was convinced at our first interview that the training I proposed would remove his defect. He determined it should. His energies were concentrated on his object. Every obstacle yielded to his inflexible will. He overcame his impediment. He possessed common sense and considerable mental power, which could be sustained on any object by his unflinching perseverance. He was well educated, and a very temperate man in his habits."

"A youth, seventeen years of age; the worst case I had witnessed, as he could scarcely make an audible sound without great distortion of the features, and appearing about to fall into a fit. It signified not what element was required; so soon as he attempted to produce voice, his lips closed, and were pressed with greater force as the effort continued. His attempts were attended with an acute pain in the abdomen, which increased in severity also as the effort continued. Like the dumb, he used gestures and written language to supply the place of oral. He could sing at church, and sometimes could join in a response."

"Regularity of respiration was the first object to obtain. The vocalization of the ascending column of breath, and the training of the voice by bringing out its qualities on a long drawn note of speech-voice, followed: these were succeeded by enunciative exercises."

"He had now been under my care with daily personal superintendence five months, and was so far improved as to exchange written for oral language. Although he could now speak, yet he hesitated very much. The use of his speech appeared to give him great pleasure. He now wished to give his whole attention to business, and it was with difficulty he was induced to devote another month to improve his speech, as he found that he could speak tolerably well. He has continued to improve by his own exertions, aided by my occasional instructions."

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